

While my Lady Sleepeth

SERENADE

From the Spanish by LOCKHART

Music by

Geo. BOWERYEN

Stackpole, Sc.

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1860
BOWE

WHILE MY LADY SLEEPETH.

SERENADE.

Words From Lockhart's "Spanish Ballads".

Music by GEORGE BOWERYEM.

Voice.

Piano

Forte.

Andantino.

Ritard:

pp

While my la-dy sleep-eth, The dark blue heaven is bright;...

Soft the moonbeam creep-eth Round her bower all night. Thou

3

gentle gentle breeze! While my la - dy slumbers, Waft

light - ly thro' the trees Echoes of my numbers, Her dreamingear to

please, Her dreamingear to please. Ritard: pp

2

Should ye, breathing numbers,
That for her I weave,
Should ye break her slumbers,
All my soul would grieve.
Rise on the gentle breeze,
And gain her lattice' height,
O'er yon poplar trees,
But be your echoes light
As hum of distant bees.

3

All the stars are glowing,
In the gorgeous sky,
In the stream, scarce flowing,
Mimic lustres lie.
Blow, blow, thou gentle breeze!
But bring no cloud to hide,
Their dear resplendencies,
Nor chase from Zara's side
Dreams bright and pure as these.

